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Thoughts on the Lofty Value of Music.

BY E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

It cannot be denied, that of late years, Heaven be praised! a taste for Music has been spreading, until to some extent it is considered a necessary part of education to have children taught in the art; wherefore in every house which makes any pretensions to respectability a piano-forte or at least a guitar is to be found. A few despisers of this most assuredly beautiful art are still to be found here and there; and to give such persons a well-deserved lesson—this is my present purpose and duty.

The object of Art in general is no other than to afford a pleasant recreation to men, and thus to divert their thoughts pleasantly from their serious, or rather their only respectable business—the gaining of bread and honor in the state—so that they may return with redoubled attention and zeal to the real objects of their existence, viz: to be busy cog-wheels in the fulling-mill of the state, and, to stick to my metaphor, whirl and buzz away. Now there is no art more fitted to secure these objects than music. The reading of a romance or poem, even if so well chosen that it throughout shall contain nothing in the least degree fanatical or absurd, as is the case of so many now-a-days, and is not calculated in the slightest degree to excite the fancy, which is in fact the worst part of our original sinful nature, and to be with all our might repressed—such reading, I say, is still in so far unpleasant, as that it necessarily obliges one to give some thought to that which he reads; and this is clearly opposed to the end aimed at, namely, diversion. This also holds good in listening to another when read-

ing; for if the attention flags one easily falls asleep or into a train of serious thought; and all serious thoughts should have their regular periods of rest in the spiritual life of a good business man. The looking at a picture can last but a few minutes, for the interest in it is lost as soon as the beholder has guessed what it is intended to represent.

Now, in case of music, none but those miserable despisers of this noble art can deny that a successful composition—that is, such a one as keeps within due bounds and gives one sweet melody after another, without blustering, or letting itself run into all sorts of ridiculous contrapuntal modulations and resolutions—affords a wondrously sweet delight, under which thinking is absolutely needless, or, at all events, no earnest thoughts arise, but only a delicious ever changing variety of the lightest and pleasantest, of which the person is hardly conscious what they are all about. But we may go further, and enquire, "Is any one hindered, during the performance of music, from joining with his neighbor in conversation upon any and all subjects in the political or moral world, and thus reaping a double benefit in a most pleasing manner?" On the contrary, this is strongly to be advised, since music, as any one can see for himself in concerts and musical circles, renders conversation uncommonly easy. In the pauses of the music all is still, but when it begins again, begins also the stream of speech to rush and swell, with the tones which come from the performers, ever more and more. Many a maiden, whose conversation usually is according to the text, "Yea, yea, and nay, nay," passes during music into such as, according to the same text, is evil,—though in this case it is evidently good, since by it a lover or even a husband, carried away by the sweetness of her seldom heard speech, falls into her snares. Heavens! how incomprehensible are the uses of good music!

Go with me, ye miserable contemners of the noble art, into the family circle, where the father, weary with the serious business of the day, in dressing-gown and slippers smokes his pipe in joy and peace, to the fiddle of his eldest son. Has not the dutiful Rosie merely on his account got by note the Dessau march, and "Bloom thou sweet Violet," and does she not already play them so sweetly that the mother lets tears of joy fall upon the stocking which she is even now darning? Would not at length the cries of the youngest heir, cheering by their strength of lung, but anxious in their tones, become annoying to him, but that the sound of the children's music holds all together in rhythm and tone?

If thy sense, however, be quite closed against this family idyl, the triumph of simple nature, go

with me to that house with its brilliantly lighted plate glass windows. Thou enterest the hall; the steaming tea-machine is the focus about which elegant gentlemen and ladies revolve. Card-tables are drawn out, but the cover of the piano-forte also flies open, and also music serves for a pleasant amusement and recreation. Well chosen, it will disturb no one, for even the card-players hear it with patience, though with higher things employed—loss and gain. What shall I, finally, say of grand public concerts, which afford the noblest opportunities to speak to this, that or the other friend, with a musical accompaniment? or if one is still young enough to play the lover, to exchange sweet words with this or that lady, for which indeed the music itself may serve as a theme. These concerts are indeed the true place for the recreation of the business man, and is to be preferred to the theatre, since the latter sometimes offers performances which fix the attention improperly upon that which is in itself nothing or false, so that one runs the danger of falling into poetry, against which, every one whose honor as a citizen is dear to him, must beware;—in short, as I began by saying, it is a decisive token how fully the real tendency of music is recognized, that it is now studied with so much diligence and taught with so much zeal. How appropriate it is that children, even though they have not the slightest talent for art, which has nothing to in this matter, are kept to their music, so that, even if they can add nothing to the intellectual pleasures of society, yet at least can do their part in furnishing amusement and recreation!

It is indeed a brilliant advantage which Music has over all the other arts, that in its purity (that is unconnected with words) it is throughout moral, and therefore in no possible circumstances can have an injurious influence upon our tender youth. Every police director hesitates not to grant his certificate to the inventor of a new instrument of music, that it contains nothing which can operate against the state, religion or good morals; with the same freedom can every music teacher assure papa and mamma, that the new sonata contains not one immoral thought. As the children advance in years, it is a matter of course that they must gradually give up their musical practice, since it is hardly the right thing for serious men, and women may by it be easily led away from the higher duties of society, &c. They now only enjoy music passively, causing it to be played by their children or by professional artists.

From a right understanding of the tendency of Art it follows of course, that artists—that is, those persons who (foolishly enough, certainly!) devote their whole lives to a business which

serves only for diversion and amusement—are to be considered as of a lower class, and only to be borne with because they bring into practice the *miscere utile dulci*. No man of sound understanding and ripe experience would think of ranking the best artist so high as the industrious clerk, nay, as the mechanic who upholstered the cushion upon which the judge in his chambers or the trader in his office sits, since in this latter case the satisfaction of a necessity is the object, in the former the only aim is pleasure. When therefore one treats an artist in a polite and friendly manner, it is but the result of our high culture and good nature, which lead us to treat with kindness and favor children and other persons who amuse us. Many of these unhappy enthusiasts awake too late from their dreams and actually become more or less crazy about art. According to them, art gives men an insight into his higher nature, and draws him from the brutalizing influences of his daily routine in common life into the Isis-temple, where Nature communes with him in sacred, unheard, yet intelligible language. These victims of insanity cherish the strangest ideas upon music; they call it the most romantic of the arts, its end being the infinite—the mysterious Sanscrit of nature, speaking in tones, and filling the human heart with an infinite longing, and only through it, they say, does man understand the lofty song of—the trees, flowers, animals, the stones and the waters!

The utterly useless tricks of counterpoint, which add nothing to the amusement of the hearer, and thus fail of reaching the real object of music, they call "awe-inspiring mysterious combinations," and go so far as to compare them with fantastic wreaths of the mosses, herbs and flowers. The talent, or in the words of these fools, the genius of music glows, say they, in the breast of him who cherishes and studies art, and wastes him away in its unquenchable flame, if he allows meaner things to cover up or extinguish the divine spark. As to those who, as I began by stating, judge correctly of the true tendency of Art and especially of Music, they call them ignorant blasphemers, who must be forever shut out from the sanctuary of our higher nature, and thus make public exhibition of their folly. For I ask with confidence, who is best off—the officer of state, the merchant, living upon his money, who eats and drinks well, has his own carriage, and whom all men greet with respect, or the artist, who just keeps up a miserable existence in his fantastic world? True, these fools assert that poetic elevation above the common and low things of life is a very peculiar matter, and that many a deprivation thus becomes a source of enjoyment; but I answer, the emperors and kings of the mad-house, with crowns of straw upon their heads, are also happy!

But the best proof that all this is mere stuff and nonsense, and that they only talk thus to calm their consciences for having neglected the useful, is this, that there is scarcely an artist to be found who has become such from his own free will, nearly all of them being from the lower classes, children of poor and obscure parentage, or of artists, they become what they are through necessity, opportunity, or hopelessness of any good fortune among the really useful classes. And this will be the case with these fanatics forever. In fact, should it chance that some wealthy family of high rank should be so un-

happy as to have a child, specially organized by nature for art, or who, to use the ridiculous language of these addleheads, "bears in his heart the divine spark which burns and struggles against all opposition,"—should this child in fact become crazy for art and an artistic life, then a good tutor, by means of a well adapted mental training, for instance, by depriving him of all fantastic spiritual diet, (poetry, and the so-called strong compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, &c.) also by continually repeated representations of the subordinate position of every art, and the humiliating position of the artist without rank, title or wealth—may very easily bring the erring young subject into the right path again, so that he at last will manifest a proper contempt for art and artists; an excellent remedy against such eccentricity, which cannot be carried too far. As to those poor devils of artists, who have not yet fallen into the insanity described above, I think I do them a real service when I advise them, as a means of escaping in some degree from an existence without useful aim or end, to learn and practice some easy mechanical employment in addition to their art; they will then surely to some extent be recognized as useful members of the community. A person qualified to judge has told me, that I have a hand well adapted to the manufacture of slippers, and I am not indisposed to betake myself, for the purpose of setting a good example, to slipper-maker-master Schandler of our town, who is also my godfather.

In looking over what I have written, I find the craziness of many a musician very happily depicted, and with a secret shudder feel that I am in no small degree a partaker in their insanity. The devil whispers in my ear, that much of this which I so honestly intend, may appear to them abominable irony; but I affirm again, that all my words are directed against you, ye despisers of music, who call the edifying singing and piano-forte playing of children unprofitable jingle, and will listen to music but as a mysterious, sublime art, only worthy of them—against you are my words aimed, and with strong weapons in my hand have I proved to you that music is a noble and profitable invention of the illustrious Tubal Cain, which amuses men, diverts their thoughts, and that it tends to domestic happiness—the highest object of every cultivated man—in a pleasant and satisfactory manner.

[From the New York Musical World.]

Music in Universities.

Conceding the desirableness of some musical education in our colleges, we are at once met by the practical question, *How shall it be taught?* We have our notions in the matter: others will doubtless have different ones. Comparison and discussion may determine what perhaps is best or best worth trying; and we would that public attention could be so directed to the subject that something practical should be actually done.

Evidently, the musical cultivation of the scholar is not to be that of the artist. He need not dig so deep. To the artist his art is to be the very breath of his nostrils, of his life; while to the scholar, it is to be subordinate to other and severer studies, the ornament and graceful finish of his academical education.

We should not aim to make Musicians. To them the Academy of Music and the Conservatoire are open. Nor, on the other hand, would we advocate smattering superficiality in the musical education of the college. Let the instruction be thorough, so far as it goes. Let it be solid, let it be true and earnest. Then may those in whom

nature has implanted a strong desire to go further, to dig deeper, go to the Conservatoire, to the Academy, and give to the well-trained mind of the scholar a complete education in Art. The academical training will not quench the divine spark. May it not be that it shall even supply the materials for a stronger and undying flame by the more even balance of the intellectual powers that is attained by extensive and varied culture? Would not the musician gain by having this knowledge added to his artistic education?

As the musical culture of the student, therefore, is to be entirely subordinate to his general studies, we would not teach the Art as (so far as we can learn from books), it is done, or was "of old time," in English Universities. We would have none of those pedantic acquisitions that were then required of the candidate for musical degrees. We would not catechise him in the theories of Boethius, nor would we have him able to write an anthem in five real parts, fit to be performed in public, "tam vocibus quam instrumentis etiam musicis," as was the case in former times. In England, of late years, however, so far as we can ascertain, the musical education in the universities has fallen into neglect. The foundations of the professorships are there, but the professors exert no living influence, and are of little consideration among their brethren who teach the humanities and sciences that are in higher repute.

In our colleges we teach the application of science to the useful arts, but we do not make machinists. The professor in this department does not pretend to do this. He gives his classes an outline of the great elementary fundamental principles of mechanical science. If his students will know more than this, if they would build locomotives or cotton looms, they must go to the machine shop, and place themselves amid the ponderous clang of the tripammers, and the whirl and hiss of the steam engine; they must lay down their books at times, and take up the cold chisel and the file.

The powerful intellect, and the searching computations of a Peirce may give to the world the description of the formation and materials of the rings of Saturn, or the laws that govern the form of great continents; Agassiz may tell us the order of creation and of the races of men, but their students do not learn such things of them. The great mathematician teaches them that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The great naturalist counts the vertebrae of the skeleton of a cat, or shows them a fish swimming in a milk pan. They teach these simplest elements—the A B C of their sciences. They are training their thousand students to use science for the common purposes of life. But probably not one of this thousand will ever soar in the higher flight to which the masters have ascended.

So, we do not hope to rear young Handels and Beethovens in our colleges. They are the men who come centuries apart, it may be, whom Nature herself raises up in the fulness of time. But we want to give a general though not superficial acquaintance with the principles of the Art, to give, so far as may be, some practical knowledge of its processes to those who are capable to receive it, some knowledge of the history of the Art, and of the lives and works of its great men—to kindle some enthusiasm and love for the Art itself, to all.

This is to be the work of the Professor, of whom, perhaps, and of whose duties, we may speak hereafter. W.

[From the London Musical World.]

Fourth Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The Artists' Concert—The Männergesang-Verein—Social.

Why have people all agreed in naming the third concert, the concert of solo performances, at our musical festivals, the Artists' Concert! Are not artists concerned to a far greater extent at the other performances, and do they not especially

interest themselves for the first two evenings? It ought to be called the Public's Concert, since it is that concert which generally attracts the greatest crowd of listeners, to whom variety is more acceptable than quantity, and difference than uniformity, apart from the interest taken in virtuosity, which for all eternity will always preponderate in our art. The Artists' Concert, since it is to be so called, was very well arranged at this year's festival, although (for when is it not the case in this world) far from being perfection. It commenced with one of Mendelssohn's weaker productions, the overture to *Ruy Blas*. I recollect Mendelssohn's playing this composition to Liszt and myself a short time after it was finished, and, what was not usually his custom, making a short prefatory speech, in which he informed us how he had written the work in a few days for a benefit of the Pension Fund, to oblige the Leipzig orchestra. Liszt was of opinion that "the time had nothing to do with the matter" an assertion which, however true it sounds, does not always hold good. Mendelssohn, by the way, did not publish the overture himself; it did not appear until after his death, and, although it was right not to deprive the public of it, this reserve on the part of the composer is peculiarly worthy of attention.

With regard to the performance of the work in Aix-la-Chapelle, I may describe it pretty accurately by referring to what I said when speaking of Schubert's Symphony. It was followed by an alto aria, "Sehnsucht," composed by a young Dutch musician, R. Hol, and sung by his pleasing countrywoman from Amsterdam. It contains warm feeling, and a great deal of real musical invention; it was given by the fair vocalist, for whose voice it is well suited, with far more self-possession and freedom than she displayed in the earlier concerts. The *adagio* appeared somewhat spun out; whether it really was so, or whether it was taken too slowly, I do not venture to decide. It was, by the way, very badly accompanied, and there was a whole multitude of errors, which struck every one, in the parts intrusted to the wind-instruments. Herr Singer, *Concertmeister* from Weimar, a young virtuoso, who has, especially of late years, achieved great success, executed Beethoven's well-known violin concerto—so divinely beautiful, particularly in the first two movements. It struck me that Herr Singer did not play, this evening, with that *abandon* required by Beethoven's work, which, by the way, after Joachim's conception and execution of it, has become a very difficult task for every violinist. Herr Singer was certain, sure, and finished—proving himself an excellent violinist—but he exhibited less warmth than I could have desired, both for his own sake and for ours: this, however, did not prevent a large amount of applause from being bestowed on him. It is to be hoped that, on some other occasion, we shall become more nearly and better acquainted with him.

With a small cantata, written in the purest and almost Mozartian style, for a tenor with chorus, by Cherubini, Herr Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle, achieved a triumph which must greatly encourage him. This young man's fine voice, and his simple, unvarnished style, especially in the second part of the air, were displayed to the greatest advantage. If Herr Göbbels (who, since last summer, has been a pupil of our Rhenish School of Music, and more particularly of Herr Reinthaler), devotes himself some time longer to his studies, and strictly subordinates the social to the artistic side of the musical career which will then begin for him, he has a fine future before him. Hans von Bülow, Liszt's favorite pupil, who was preceded by a considerable amount of reputation from Berlin, fully justified that reputation. He is, evidently, a very able virtuoso, although his master's concerto did not afford him an opportunity of showing himself under any very varied aspect. Perfectly developed technical skill, a full, round touch, great quietness and certainty, were the qualities which, above all others, struck the audience this evening. The composition of the concerto did not find the least echo in the breasts either of laymen or musicians. There may be clever touches in it, just as the first principal

motive is characteristic enough, but the impression produced by the whole is totally inharmonious, and the second tempo, recurring towards the end, obtains, from the continuous accompaniment of triangles and cymbals, a certain character, which I hesitate describing more particularly in spite of all the freedom with which I pen these lines. The public who, generally speaking, took a lively interest in Liszt, did not appear capable of making up their minds to seize the opportunity, the only one during the evening, of bestowing on him willing applause.

The second part commenced with the overture to *Tannhäuser*. However much may be said against this composition, no one will ever think of denying the talent with which the various pieces of the opera are arranged in it, or, especially, the effect of the broadly-imagined conclusion. A more detailed musical analysis would not be in place here, but I cannot refrain from the observation that it is to me incomprehensible why Wagner has appropriated such an overwhelming space in the overture to demonically nervous sensual gratification, while he does not allow the opposite feeling, so strongly marked in the opera, by Elizabeth and Wolfgang, to be perceptible. The matter of *Tannhäuser* (I am speaking of the opera) is not exhausted with the Venusberg and the pious pilgrimages, but where, in the overture, is there anything to remind you of "der Liebe reinstes Wesen?"

This, however, is Wagner's business. The execution, for which Liszt is said (I was not present myself) to have paved the way with especial energy at the rehearsal, was strong and fiery, but, in spite of the presence of the composer's *alter ego*, exceedingly monotonous, and I anticipated more from it. The applause was tumultuous, but did not come up to the expectations of those who had been at the rehearsal in the morning.

The profoundly feeling air (in A) from Gluck's *Iphigenia* was sung by Herr Schneider with such warmth, that it was here and there feared he might overdo it. But he always remained within the limit, so easily oversteped, which separates truth of expression from exaggeration, and which, especially in the case of this music, must always be most strictly observed. Herr Schneider gained great and merited applause. Mme. von Milde then sang the air ("Abscheulicher") from *Fidelio*. If I am not totally deceived, the impression she created was the most powerful that had been produced in the course of the entire festival—as people say, she hit the target right in the bull's-eye and carried off the prize. It would only be by the aid of a more magnificent voice than any other singer, supposing her conception to be equal, could surpass her; as far as her style of execution, or rather her pure re-production of Beethoven's glowing tones, she appeared, to me at least, altogether unsurpassable.

The concert concluded with Handel's "Hallelujah," which, as Liszt on this occasion allowed things to take their own course, stood out far more strongly and better than on Sunday.

On Wednesday morning there was a *matinée*, at which I regret I was unable to be present. Mme. von Milde, Singer, Bülow, and Mme. Pohl, were engaged in it. With regard to the latter lady, I must supply an omission in my account—namely: that, by her certain and musical style, she did full justice to the harp solos in "Des Sängers Fluch;" as a matter of course, no great triumph of virtuosity was to be achieved, and neither the composer nor the fair performer intended that it should be.

We know that, for a long time, male chorus singing has been cultivated at Aix-la-Chapelle, with peculiar partiality and with great success. I had an opportunity of convincing myself of this, since, on the evening before Whitsuntide, the Liedertafel assembled under its director, Herr Wenigmann, while, on the following afternoon, the Concordia, under the direction of Herr Acken, kept, so to speak, open house. Both associations contain strong, agreeable voices; and most of the compositions I heard were sung with great precision and delicate attention to light and shade. If I avoid assigning one of these asso-

ciations precedence over the other, I have good reasons for so doing. The courage of every mortal man has its limits—once arrived at the domain of the Männergesang-Verein, mine ceases to exist. During the sitting of the Liedertafel which was embellished by the presence of some most fair and lovely listeners, Herr von Bronsart, a pupil of Liszt, played with a great deal of bravura, and amidst much applause, a Rhapsody of the latter's. At the *matinée* of the Concordia (where, also, there were a great many handsome women present) Herr — performed a poetical "Welcome" with a great deal of warmth and general approbation. This brings me to the social doings during the days of the Festival, which were rather lively. I belonged to the *Ruellensianers*, and did not go much into other localities. At the mid-day, or rather afternoon meal, as well as of an evening, after the concerts, we led a very agreeable life, with a highly respectable amount of feasting, laughing, drinking, and now and then, I will not deny, with a little complaining, though neither of the wine nor the attendance.

Of foreigners, the Belgians and Dutch mustered in the largest number, but Englishmen, piano-forte players, musical directors, and, in a word, almost all nations were represented. There was a tolerably complete mustering of our leading Rhenish musicians—and, with regard to more distant places, Mangold had come from Darmstadt, and Schmitt from Schwerin. Professor Heimsoeth, of Bonn, was a passionate attendant at rehearsals; but we had to regret the absence of Professor Jahn, who had accustomed us, during the last two musical festivals, to his agreeable presence.

When, in addition to this, I shall have informed you, which, however, you have previously presumed, that all the members of the Committee, with perfect abnegation of self, undertook all sorts of kind offices; that there was, especially to the grand rehearsals, a most extraordinary rush on the part of the public, and that, judging from appearances, at least, there was every hope that the Festival would be more satisfactory in its financial than in its musical results, I think—that I have still forgotten a great deal. But I am completely worn out; never in my life, I believe, did I write so much in one breath. Besides, I have to prepare myself for my journey to Mannheim. How shall I fare there, I wonder? At any rate, if I fare badly, I have, by these letters, deserved no better, and that is a great consolation; for, in my opinion, it is far less hard to suffer when you are guilty than when you are innocent.

At all events, most honored sir, give me your journalistic blessing to take with me on my journey—it will certainly bring me luck!

Yours, ever truly, FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, 6th June, 1857.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Memoranda of Western Travel.

ONALASCA, EIGHT MILES ABOVE
LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN.

I sit at an unpainted pine table in a shanty on a swell of land ten rods from the Black river, which joins the Mississippi five miles below. The shanty is in an "oak opening," that is, as the occupant defines it, "scattering oaks with little underbrush, on prairie land." At a little distance these oak openings look like old New England orchards. Some of these oaks overhang the shanty, the builder with unusual kindness cutting a place through his shed for one, instead of cutting it down. Beyond the Black river, which is here about four hundred feet wide, is a level green island, about six miles long and two and a half miles wide, formed by the Black river and a "slew" up from the Mississippi, whose course is indicated by the bluff on its right bank. It is about four miles distant. Walking out for only ten rods, my way is lined with prairie flowers, harebells and columbines. I start up wild

pigeons, and the brown thrush, so shy with us, and with the most perfect of wood-notes, lets me look at her sober-suited but beautiful plumage at only twenty feet distance. In the trees over the shanty the blackbirds from the woods join the robins from the open land. These with other birds would almost wake one from sleep.

The West is just what I expected to find it. It is a paradise for farmers, but there is very little, although that little is remarkable, to gratify an artist. I have seen four noble things since I left Niagara:—Lake Erie, a rolling prairie bounded by the horizon, the Mississippi, and the bluffs which shut it in like walls from Southern Iowa to near St. Paul. Having seen one prairie one has virtually seen all, and, consequently, nearly the whole of what farmers call "the West." One panoramic picture of the bluffs for a mile above Dubuque, paints them for three hundred miles above it, and through these fine but monotonous bluffs one cannot get a glimpse into the country beyond. From St. Anthony's Falls up, I am told, the scenery is much more varied and picturesque, for in about that latitude the granite formation commences.

Three days ago I was at Niagara, which I have often visited. The ever fresh and young rapids swept on as joyously, and the green on the perilous edge of the main fall was as wonderful as ever. The first thing and the last thing in visiting Niagara is to banish all *nonsense*, whether it be the sentimentalism of the girl, or the mere *fancies* of the poet. One should sit down before it honestly and simply, neither "pumping up" emotion nor falling into the "clothing upon" habit of oriental poetry,—but waiting quietly, with healthy, sensuous enjoyment, to be subdued instead of trying to subdue. Who ever knew anything of a symphony of Beethoven, until, rejecting all theoretic or sentimental interpretation, he came to honest and wholesome apprehension and enjoyment, and thus finally the mind gave it unity and relation? It is thus only that "the sounding cataract haunts one like a passion." It is thus only that it may come at last to "stand up unto the stars and shake scorn on the jewelled locks of night!" I am almost tempted to say at Niagara to persons sensible if not prosaic at home, but here talking of delight they do not feel: "This is nothing but water. It is clear, and when 'craftily qualified,' good to drink. There is a great deal of it. It is, as parson —, just returned from it, once said in a sermon, 'half a mile wide and several feet deep.' It is perfectly unconscious, and of course isn't in any passion or poetic ecstasy whatever. But how good to look at it is. What comfort one takes in it. How grateful to the face the moisture is, and how grateful to the eye those colors are. Watch the water after it has just taken its leap from that green edge, and see how that outer clinging foam is separated by the air of the descent and springs up like smoke. How stunned the water is by the fall, and how calm it is there a little lower down.—Why, this is almost as good as a sunrise!"

To speak more seriously I should say, (to use, perhaps, the commonplaces of transcendentalism,) that the healthy mind refuses to be suddenly awestruck by what is grandest in nature,—that it meets with Indian-like calmness her grandest works as the simplest and most natural,—that the grand in nature is but the "complement extern" of the grander phases of thought. Standing at

Niagara one does not wonder that Shelley used thought and emotion as illustrations of nature instead of the converse and more common method. The highest recognition and enjoyment of nature is to meet her greatest works at first sight as old friends. I shall never forget that when Webster's great eyes first opened like the dawn on mine, I wondered where I had seen them before—so much grander were they than merely new or strange. Whatever is elementally great in nature, art or literature, only introduces us more completely to ourselves. *

The Lover of Music to his Piano-Forte.

Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heav'n-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss,
Out-values thee;
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:

Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since few joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.

No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find;

Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—
Thine answer, kind.

LEIGH HUNT.

Fine Arts.

Athenæum Gallery.

The second exhibition of the Boston Athenæum shows a good many new pictures upon the walls, among them Allston's "Rosalie," and the "Visitation," by Page, beside many others of merit. We wonder that this gallery is not more visited by our citizens. In the hottest of summer weather it is cool there. Once surmount the lofty stairs, and you are among mountains and clouds, and saints and angels, with little thought of the brick pavements and the dirty streets you have left below. Cannot Miss Hosmer's Beatrice Cenci be obtained for exhibition at the Athenæum before going to its destination at St. Louis? It would doubtless attract much attention.

Our Boston artists are busy in this beautiful season, unparalleled for its verdure and luxuriance of foliage, making their studies from nature. We have collected some items of the whereabouts of many of them. Wheelock, the water-color artist, was at the Glen House when last heard from, and from all accounts, the weather in that vicinity has furnished him with a sufficient quantity of material in that line.—Champney writes that he has hardly done anything out of doors yet.—Gerry, Griggs and White of Boston, and Durand and Richards of New York, were at West Campton a week or two since. Mr. Gerry is just at present painting the fogs at Mt. Desert.—Williams is at Manchester, and is making some fine studies there.—Rowse, the artist in black, finds sufficient occupation since his return from New York to keep

him in town.—Hinckley has two dogs at Cotton's which are very good.—Shattuck and Colman of New York are at Conway. The valley of the Pemigewassett has superseded that of the Saco, and the white umbrellas at Conway are getting to be among the things that were.

A project is on foot of having an Exhibition of paintings at Lowell in connection with the Mechanics' Fair which opens on the 10th of Sept. This is a move in the right direction, and if the example should be followed by other cities in our neighborhood, the effect of it would be felt.

Church's Picture of the Falls of Niagara.

(From the London Times.)

We do not know the authority for the anecdote of the young American traveler who, boasting of his father's picture gallery, and being asked of what masters it contained specimens, answered, "Oh, my father's pictures are all Leonardos and Raphaels, except a few Correggios."

The Italian picture-dealers can testify to the fact that American tourists are among their best and greenest customers. There is no investment as to which experience is more essentially to be bought than pictures; and, at the present stage of esthetics in America, there is still a great deal of experience to be purchased by transatlantic buyers of smoked canvases and elaborately worm-eaten panels. Still, John Bull has no right to crow too loud over Jonathan on this score. It is only of late years that our own picture-buyers have begun to learn that modern works of art are a safer investment than old ones, however magnificently christened; and we cannot believe that Yankee shrewdness will be far behind British in this respect, when once a school of genuine American art has come into existence finding themes in the life and nature of the New World. The United States long lived on the literature of the mother country. But now they are beginning to lend as well as borrow. Washington Irving, Cooper and Bryant led the way. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Hawthorn, Longfellow, Lowell, and a score of minor poets and novelists, have followed, and now count almost as many readers in the Old World as in the New.

As it is with literature, we cannot but hope it will soon be with art. American originality and grasp are too great to be long confined to the fields of industrial or mechanical activity. With such a country and such a race we cannot but look forward to a new and national development of painting also. In sculpture, high honors have already been won by Americans. Powers and Greenough rank among the first sculptors whom Florence has educated, and our own Gibson has declared he has nothing to teach Miss Harriet Hosmer, a young American lady, whose statue of Beatrice Cenci formed one of the most prominent ornaments of the sculpture-room at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. But in painting—since Allston and Stuart—the United States have not boasted any name of more than local celebrity. It is true that they have given us Newton and Leslie, but they rank as English, and not American painters.

Under these circumstances we note with peculiar pleasure the arrival in this country of a remarkable picture, by an American landscape painter, of an American subject—at once the grandest and the most defiant of all ordinary pictorial power, among the many scenes which the New World offers to the artist.

The painter is Mr. Frederic Edward Church, and the subject is Niagara. Few scenes have been more often attempted by the pencil, and none has hitherto more completely laughed it to scorn. But Mr. Church has painted the stupendous cataract with a quiet courage and a patient elaboration, which leave us, for the first time, satisfied that even this awful reality is not beyond the range of human imitation.

Mr. Church's picture is an oblong of some seven or eight feet by three and a half, if our eye have not deceived us. The view is taken from

the Canadian side, a little above Table Rock, and if includes the whole sweep of the Horseshoe Fall, to the corner of Goat Island. There is no foreground or shore. The spectator looks right along the Canadian rapids, as their swirls converge for the tremendous leap. A shattered tree trunk is caught in the opposing eddies, which churn and chafe into foam over the layers of brown rock, the sun light striking their edges into transparent green where they fling themselves over the lips of the ledges, in their hurrying course to the plunge of the mighty river. About the centre of the picture the bend of the barrier enables us to watch the downward leap of the river, not in a sheet, but in innumerable cascades from every projecting point, shivered into fine fringes of foam, and losing themselves in the spray to which the mass of water is churned by its fall. Across the wet air of this spray cloud the rainbow flings its prismatic arch. Beyond we see the distant lines of foam that mark the rapids, and farther still the terraces of the Chippewa shore flushed with the rich hues of American autumnal forest. The time is toward evening. A few streaks of purple cloud break the calm expanse of golden sky. The characteristic merit of the picture is sober truth. It bears throughout unmistakable evidence of the most close and successful study. To paint running water is always difficult. But when the running water is the expanse of a mighty river, broken into countless eddies by rock ledges, and hurrying to such a fall, it may well be conceived what labor has been necessary to apprehend the bewildering fact, what patient mastery to represent them, so as to leave the spectator impressed, as by the presence of the stupendous reality, with the abstraction of motion and sound.

American Women Artists.

[Letter from Rome, in the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Miss Hosmer has been engaged during the winter in modelling a monument to a young French girl, to be placed in the church of Sta Andrea delle Frate.

The sleeping Beatrice, which has received great praise, has left the studio. It is said it will be exhibited in London previous to its departure for St. Louis, its ultimate destination. It is stated that the jailor upon entering the cell on the morning of her execution, found her sweetly sleeping—the artist has chosen that moment—fallen negligently upon her couch, her hand clasping a rosary, she sleeps. The head-dress, the face of Guido's inimitable picture, identify the sleeping form before us with the fair girl whose youth, whose beauty, whose death, shrouded as they have been by the genius of poet and painter, render us oblivious to her imputed crime.

How posterity reverses and revenges the judgment of tribunals, the verdict of executioners! To this girl, judged worthy of a felon's death, the scaffold of shame has become but a pedestal of glory. Her name is a synonym for suffering innocence, the type of a sorrowing beauty which, appealing to our sympathies, wins our unconscious homage.

Miss Hosmer's other works are a sitting statue of *Ænone*, the deserted wife of the Shepherd Paris, and a Puck mounted on his toad-stool throne. She has accomplished for this fancy of Shakspeare what Sir Joshua Reynolds did in painting. Miss Hosmer enjoys rare opportunities in the teaching of Gibson, whose studio she shares.

Miss Landor, of Salem, Mass., has been prevented by sickness from accomplishing much, but she has had the benefit of Crawford's advice and criticism in her studies. She is now modelling an *Evangeline*, which promises to be very superior, and will doubtless, when completed, secure to the artist that esteem and homage which is paid to the evidence of successful achievement. The sad heroine of Longfellow's touching story is represented as having thrown herself by the side of a little stream, and weary with wandering, fallen asleep. The position is graceful and easy, the little bundle fallen from her hand indicates the wanderer, while the sorrowing, longing look expressed upon her fair features, even in sleep, is the very ideal of the faithful girl whose trusting

love never faltered through all the long years of separation and suffering. The figure is two-thirds the size of life. Those who desire to obtain a pleasing piece of statuary, and at the same time to encourage a youthful artist, should remember this embodiment of the fairest creation of our favorite poet.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

ART INTELLIGENCE.—Most of our artists are out of town, seeing how the sunlight falls on the Adirondacks, the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridges, the Catskills, the White Mountains, Kinnebo, Mooshead, Mount Desert, and Katahdin, and withal filling their portfolios. Church, whose *Niagara*, now in England, is highly praised by the *London Times* of the 7th, is still in South America, taking the lines of forest, mountain and waterfall there. James Baker we hear of among the Adirondacks. Oddie is at home. His studio is adorned just now with a number of beautiful Hudson landscapes, in cabinet size. One, of Tappan sea, an oval, is a gem which we coveted, but did not carry away.

Of the three artists to whom Mr. J. M. Wright, of this city, gave his well known order—to Huntington, to paint the groups of literary men, to Baker, the artists, and to Rossiter, the merchants—the first-named is still in England. Some of his studies for the picture, sketches of portraits, are to be seen in his studio. Baker and Rossiter are in town. Elliot is in New York. Bogle, whose portraits are so much esteemed, is busy at his rooms.

At Taggart's, some days since, we saw a picture—we forgot how it was called, either the *Fair Penitent* or *Il Penseroso*—in which he has produced those fine effects in color, which, though not so widely known as the qualities and points of some of his elder brethren, has given his pencil a reputation, well and hardly won, of which he is now reaping the advantage.

Mr. Wright, the same mentioned above, has bought for \$10,000 Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture, the *Horse Fair*, and is to bring it out to this country. This picture took the first prize at the Great Exhibition at Paris. Rosa Bonheur is held in France the first living artist of animals, and even some of the English place her ahead of their favorite Landseer. The picture will be received in about six weeks, and will be on exhibition awhile at Williams, Stevens & Williams, Broadway. An etching from it, designed and etched by Thomas Landseer, may now be seen there. We noticed at the same place some new architecture and sea views in photograph by foreign artists, finer, we think, than any previous importation. Somehow, either from the superior architecture, or something else, the foreign photographs of buildings and landscapes surpass ours as yet. But ours are improving fast.

Darley is at his home in Philadelphia, hard at work upon what he designs shall be one of the crowning labors of his life—the illustration of Cooper. The thirty-two tales of the great American novelist, are about to be published by Stringer & Townsend, in square duodecimo, at \$1.50 each. Two illustrations by Darley will be given in each volume. This is a work of great labor on the part of the artist. The views which we have seen, are distinguished not only from their force and spirit, but by careful accuracy of costume and place. The work will be worth to him all the labor it costs, and will connect his name with that of Cooper for all time. He has also contributed two sketches to Mr. Herbert's (Frank Forester's) book on the "Horse," soon to be published in two volumes, octavo, by Stringer & Townsend. This book, to be sold at \$10 00, will be full of portraits of the most celebrated horses in the world, and otherwise will constitute a perfect "equine encyclopedia."

STATUE OF JOHN ADAMS.—The proprietors of Mount Auburn Cemetery will be gratified to learn that the statue of John Adams, by Randolph Rogers, the distinguished American sculptor, has been completed at Rome and shipped for this city, where it may be expected to arrive in the course

of a few weeks. The other statues are in a state of great forwardness. In consequence of the lamented illness of Mr. Crawford, the statue of James Otis may be delayed, but it may nevertheless be regarded as sure of completion, the design and plaster model having been finished by that artist, and placed in the hands of the marble-workers some time before his attack of illness.—*Boston Advertiser*, Aug. 18.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 29, 1857.

Many of our readers are doubtless scattered all abroad over the land in this beautiful midsummer weather, enjoying by the sea-shore, among the mountains, or beyond the sea, the various delights of a season unparalleled for the beauty of Nature, gathering strength of body and of heart for the severer labors of another year. We who are left at home, will this week follow them, in the spirit, (if not in the body,) in their travels, and endeavor to share in their pleasures. We have tracked them every where, the artists at their patient labors, the lover of Nature in the far West and at the foot of Niagara, the pilgrim beyond the sea, beneath the solemn arches of Westminster Abbey, and we gladly receive tidings of them all, hoping that ere long we, too, shall have our tale to tell. The city offers us nothing new, and it may not be unprofitable to turn away from it to other scenes.

Leaves from my Note-Book.

After a visit to the Houses of Parliament, I crossed to Westminster Abbey. There chanced to be a concert in progress, given in aid of a fund for superannuated musicians. A real concert would not be allowed in a consecrated building; but the scruples of the ecclesiastics were met by interspersing a larger proportion of music than usual in the regular morning service. The lesson was read by a priest, wearing a red hood upon the back of his white surplice. He had a low forehead, and a full, rosy face. The Word of God never seems to come with much grace from men possessing such natures as his; one cannot avoid thinking that they must have enough to do to attend to their own sins and temptations. Though, on the other hand, if a man were to be one of the lights of the world, set up as in a candlestick, perhaps a few extra layers of fat would not be amiss. The creed and most of the prayers were droned—(*intoned* is the term used)—chanted, with a nasal twang, and without the pretence of articulating the words, on a single note, and unaccompanied, and only relieved by the full chord upon the recurring "Amen." In a long sentence the terebration was torture to the ear; the sound of a hive of bees in swarming, or the endless drone of a bagpipe, or of the "picker" in a cotton mill, would be sweet music in comparison.

The performances of the choir were worthy of all praise. One hundred and twenty voices had been selected from twenty of the best cathedral choirs in all England. The music was from the compositions of Purcell, Farrant, Dr. Croft, Handel and others, including a very beautiful anthem, with Mendelssohn-ish harmony, by Rev. Sir F. Ouseley, the present professor of music at Oxford.

It was the flower of English music set forth by the flower of English singers. The effect was very much like that of Mr. Cutler's admirable choir, whose concerts at Tremont Temple last winter gave so much pleasure to all lovers of good church music.

But the Abbey itself, how it magnified every effect, and intensified every emotion! The whole vast space seemed to be full of music, as with a tangible presence; and every chapel, arch and recess sent back an ever increasing volume of sound. I am not used to the melting mood, but I am not ashamed to say that more than once the tears filled my eyes as the rush of emotion swept over me. The associations of the place were of themselves overpowering; an unutterable awe fell upon me from the lofty arches. As I leaned upon the tomb of Chaucer, the spirits of the dead seemed to surround me. There was Milton, a serene listener, with the tones of his father's organ in his memory. Dryden was meditating a new ode for St. Cecilia. And Handel stood leaning forward, not ill pleased to hear, and perhaps to join in his own immortal "Hallelujah" at the close.

The service over, the vergers with the aid of the police soon cleared the aisles, and I was obliged to defer my pilgrimage among the shrines until another day.

The Crystal Palace has been erected with new splendor at Sydenham. It stands upon an eminence, flanked by lofty towers on each wing, and commanding an extensive prospect both of the crowded city and of the exquisitely beautiful country. The palace is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see. Its vast extent and the symmetrical arrangement of its parts strike the mind with wonder. Since the age that produced the Gothic churches no new architectural idea has been set forth that can be compared with this. The grounds in front are laid out in the form of a quadrangle, two sides of which are faced by the palace and the long entrance gallery. The gardening has been commenced on a grand scale, and the flowers even now are abundant, and of all rare and beautiful varieties. The air is full of fragrance. Within, also, the beauty of nature comes to the aid of art, for plants are every where; they depend from the walls in emerald veils; they twine about the slender columns; and while they give grace to the otherwise sharp outlines, they relieve the eyes, which would be pained by excess of light.

I do not attempt to speak of the Palace as a Museum of Art and Science. I must leave the galleries of painting and sculpture; the various courts in which the results of the civilization of all nations are shown; the specimens of mechanism and skill of the present day. Nor can I describe the sculptured monsters—ichthyosaurus or plesiosaurus—which in the lake and island show the footprints of the Creator in the antediluvian world. Of some accomplished man it was said that to know him was a liberal education. And surely the visitor who sees understandingly the vast and methodical collections in this palace has learned all that the universities can teach.

This day was the last of the great Musical Festival. The oratorio was Handel's "Israel in Egypt." On the two preceding fête days the number of persons present was about 12,000; on this occasion there were 17,000. When it is considered

that the lowest price of admission (in addition to three shillings for railway fare) was 10s. 6d., (\$2.50.) and for reserved seats one and two guineas, (\$5 and \$10.) it is safe to say that no other city in the world could have furnished such an audience. At such prices the festival would have been a failure anywhere else.

There was hardly sufficient ventilation; it was hot enough to ripen Black Hamburg clusters, or the pine-apples which a week before I saw growing so temptingly golden for the Marquis of Westminster. We were human plants in a conservatory. The only consolation came in the shape of ices and slender bottles of sherry (benevolently watered so as to guard against undue hilarity). The audience were in good temper, and the order and decorum were truly wonderful, considering the crowd.

From the great size of the chorus, 2,500 voices, I had perhaps anticipated too much. The memory of the Boston festival was fresh, but I supposed that this stupendous choir with the orchestra of 600 performers and with the colossal organ, would give an impression far beyond any I had ever received. The effect of choral music, however, is always to be judged by the space to be filled. The one hundred and twenty singers in Westminster Abbey, the day previous, made a greater impression upon the ear than this whole army. The choruses in the "Messiah" in our Music Hall seemed to have double the volume. Shut your eyes in the Crystal Palace and the sound seemed to come from a great distance, as though it were the music of a church heard in another street on a still evening. But look around over the acres of space covered with human heads,—or up at the lofty roof and down the long aisles through which the sound swelled and echoed, and the mind received quite a different idea. As the concert went on the power and grandeur of the performance grew upon me every moment. The solos we mostly lost: it was like trying to catch the voice of a friend shouting to you from a hill half a mile away. The outlines of the melodies could be distinguished (by the aid of the printed score) but the quality of tone, and the style of execution could only be guessed at. Sims Reeves was heard in *The enemy said I will pursue, I'll overtake*; and much against his will he was compelled to repeat it. Clara Novello made her powerful voice felt in *For he hath triumphed gloriously*, Miss Dolby has a fine voice and one of great volume, but she was heard with difficulty. The ponderous organ of Herr Formes, too, was far less effective than I had hoped.

But the choruses were magnificent; they were sung with a unity and precision that was remarkable; each part was as clearly defined as though the choir were one of the ordinary size. In this composition Handel has shown his greatest power. The subject allows of no prettinesses, and there is hardly a pleasing popular melody in the oratorio. With stern fidelity the composer follows the successive plagues and closes with the triumph over the drowned Egyptians. The choruses have the rugged grandeur of a chain of mountains—abysses overhung by cedar and yew, precipitous walls of granite, crowned with everlasting snow. Nothing so dramatic in the form of music has ever been presented to the world. My nerves were thrilled as by shocks from a battery. The "darkness that might be felt," the wails for the first born, and the whelming of "the horse and

his rider" were appalling. When the hosts "sank to the bottom like a stone," and "not one was left, not one, not one," the silence in the pauses was like that of the tomb.

The only thing that disturbed the balance of harmony was the tremendous volume of the organ, which when its full power was employed easily overpowered the whole force of singers and orchestra. In some *fortissimo* passages its billowy waves swelled and rolled over the multitude of voices, as the sea closed over the army of Pharaoh.

The performances were closed by singing the national anthem, "God save the Queen." The stanzas were first sung as solos by Mme. Novello, Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, then each was repeated in chorus. It was as sublime as a thunder storm. Cheers filled the air, and handkerchiefs waved in loyal enthusiasm.

The Queen and court attended one of these festivals—to hear the "Messiah," you may suppose, or "Israel in Egypt," the composer's masterpiece? No, it was "Judas Maccabæus," an inferior work. Handel composed this in honor of the Duke of Cumberland upon his return from suppressing an insurrection; in this expedition the "conquering hero" showed a cruelty so severe and unnecessary, that his name has become infamous. But the music was at once popular with the court, and it has always been fashionable since that time.

The Jews in London always turn out in great force to hear the Old Testament oratorios of Handel. The music that illustrates their history belongs to them as an inheritance. I saw a party not far from where I was sitting; their eyes glistened and their heads kept time proudly when the majestic chorus, *For he hath triumphed gloriously*, was performed. It was *their* triumph; it was for *them* that the horse and his rider were drowned in the depths of the sea. Their faces kindled with another light, however, when mention was made of the spoil, the gold and silver which were carried away. Noses grew more hooked, and eyes sparkled as from the reflection of jewels. It was *their* gain; it was only the enemy that was despoiled. I fancied they would have been glad to ticket the plunder on pawn.

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INTERWALD.

Letter from Signor Guidi.

Signor GUIDI's name is associated by many of us with very pleasant recollections of the early days of Italian opera in this city, and very many will be glad to see over his own signature the contradiction of the report of his decease, while they will sympathize with him in his misfortunes and afflictions. We know nothing of the charges to which he refers, but are glad to afford him this opportunity of refuting them, trusting that it will be found amply sufficient.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 21, 1857.

MR. DWIGHT:—Dear Sir,—Domestic duties and the sad misfortune of the loss of one of my children have prevented me from writing a few lines to you requesting the favor of giving them a place in your Journal. They are merely intended to exonerate my character from the stain which the mysterious events of the few past months may lead my friends to conjecture.

The first public statement was that I had come into possession of some \$10,000, left by a deceased relative. Next my departure for Europe; while a few days afterward the papers of Chicago mentioned my arrival and appearance in public with the intention to locate there. This statement must have surprised some persons, especially the congregation of Grace church,

where I had contracted an engagement of a year, and from whom I had received such generous assistance. Had a letter which I sent to a New York editor been inserted in his paper, the mystery would have been solved, and my character exonerated from all blame; but I have ascertained that as yet they are under the impression that all my proceedings have been but deception.

To clear the mystery, therefore, I will simply state that I left New York for Boston with the intention to start for Europe, leaving my family in the care of my wife's mother. Upon my arrival in Boston my money, all I had in my possession, was stolen from me, an advertisement of which may be found in the Boston papers, and a notice in the Police office. By friendly assistance I received \$75, part of which I left with my wife in Boston, and went to New York, in hope that by making known my sad misfortune I might realize the necessary means to proceed to Europe. The statement was considered a falsehood by one person to whom I applied, and under the disappointment I resolved to trust to my ability, and proceeded to Chicago with the intention of getting scholars with the assistance of some persons of my acquaintance. I was advised to give a concert, having been received with marked success on the occasion of my appearance at Mr. Ahner's concert. I exerted my strength to the utmost, and was sadly disappointed with a loss by the concert of all I had earned by toil and labor in lessons. This sad catastrophe was the last stroke to my energy, and the result was that I was taken sick with bleeding of the lungs, and have to this day lost the use of my voice entirely. It is in the hands of God to give me back the only means of supporting my family; but should I recover it I shall consider it one of those acts of merciful kindness which God alone can perform. I need not relate by what means I have supported my family to this time, only I will say that I have tasted of bitter drops, aside from the blame of those who considered me a dishonest man. The last statement of my death I know not by whom it was got into the papers. I have met with friends, and trust that those I left behind will consider me yet worthy their esteem. The weight of misfortune has been severe on me, and I trust that the close of them is the loss of my beloved child, which I consider the heaviest of all.

My health is slowly improving, although not as fast as I might desire. I shall remain in Cincinnati to give lessons, and should my health require, proceed south on the approaching winter, if I can.

I will take this opportunity to return my thanks to my friends in Boston, as well as those of New York, among whom I keep a dear remembrance of the choir of Grace church, and Mr. Isaac H. Brown, the sexton, by whom I have been most kindly assisted. Trusting that this public statement may assure them that I am, however unfortunate, worthy of their sympathy and esteem, I have the honor to be,

Yours respectfully, G. C. GUIDI.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS have been continued during the present week, with undiminished success, the various bands playing in turn on every evening of the week. No entertainment has been given in this city that has been more popular or more successful than this series of concerts. There is a very general desire that they should be continued for a longer period, and not be brought to a close, as announced, at the end of this week.

FREZZOLINI.—We have turned over all our files of French and English papers for some years past, in the hope of finding some account of the new prima donna brought out by Mr. Ullman. We find however nothing but very brief notices of her performances in London in 1842, so that she is no novice upon the lyric stage, and we are somewhat surprised to find so little mention made of a singer whose name, at least, has been quite familiar to us for several years. She sang, we believe, during the past

season in Paris, and her real name is Poggi. The London *Athenæum* thus alludes to her visit to the United States:

Madame Frezzolini is announced as expected in America to sing for a short season in Italian opera. To all conversant with the state in which that skillful artist's voice has been for some years past, it must be obvious that for a new country and for a new public unable to eke out what is inaudible by imagination or by memory, the lady can merely be engaged on the strength of her name.

BRASS VS. REEDS.—Happily all the world does not think alike. The subjoined clipping from the *Traveller's* Montreal letter gives the opinion of the writer upon the British Regimental Bands. *Per contra*, nothing stands so entirely apart by itself in our memory as superior and unlike any military music we have ever heard, as the performances heard several years since at Quebec and Montreal from bands of similar size and constitution to the one referred to in this letter. The feature that the writer condemns most was to us its greatest beauty—the great number of wood instruments.

In the afternoon there was a review of the 39th Regiment on the Champ de Mars, near the court house. Whether it was intended for a scientific display or not I am unable to say; but this much is due—it was a creditable exhibition. The music by the band was good, though not "putting the Boston bands to blush," as the correspondent of the *Courier* is pleased to say. On the contrary, the Brigade, or Brass, or Germania are, all three of them, quite as scientific and skillful. Last autumn, at the railroad jubilee ball, I heard this same band in contrast with Chandler's Portland Band; and those of your readers who were present at Bonsecours at the time will, I think, join with me in giving to Chandler's the highest encomiums. The 39th band is large, but it has some dozen men blowing their breath away on clarinets, bassoons and flutes, to but little purpose. In short, it is a great waste of wind. The band is modelled as our Boston bands were fifteen years ago. Take away the inefficient reeds and give them *tubas* instead, and this Crimean band would crash out a mighty march; but now it wants body, as an Englishman would say of his beer. The melody is one grand squeak, sounding like the sesquialtra of the organ, and about as well adapted for melody as that stop would be with a swell accompaniment. There is a brilliancy to the American bands not yet attained by the English, if this is a fair specimen of their proficiency.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, is at present in England, making arrangements for the removal thither of his family, which is passing the summer at the village of Oberlössnitz, near Dresden, and has recently been increased by the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Lind-Goldschmidt's voice, it is said, has neither lost in quantity nor in quality, and she would not refuse the offer of another musical tour through the United States.

THE LONDON OPERA SEASON has given nothing new. Every opera that has been played there, save the Italian version of *Fra Diavolo*, is as familiar in Boston and New York as it can be to London and Paris. The *Illustrated News* gives the essence of the musical intelligence of the season in the following paragraph:

With the closing of the two Italian theatres, the London musical season has terminated. The season at both houses has been uneventful; every thing at either worthy of commemoration may be comprised in a few words. At neither house has a single new piece been performed. Even the prolific Verdi has ceased to produce, and the genius for dramatic composition, it would seem, is extinct. His music is still that which is chiefly in vogue. The 'Traviata' at Her Majesty's Theatre, has had a counter 'Traviata' at the Lyceum; and the two charming Violettas, Piccolomini and Bosio, seem, on the whole, to have been well matched in respect to attraction; though Piccolomini, it may be said, has showed herself the better actress, and Bosio the better singer. To the lovers of classical music the most interesting occurrences at Her Majesty's Theatre have been the revivals of Mozart's chef d'œuvre, 'Don Giovanni,' and the 'Nozze di Figaro'—both got up with great care and completeness, and admirably performed; and at the other house the production of Auber's delightful 'Fra Diavolo,' adapted by himself to the Italian stage. At Her Majesty's Theatre three new performers—Mlle. Spezia, Mlle. Orlolani, and Signor

Ginglini—have been introduced to the English public, and have been found worthy of their Continental renown. At the Lyceum the new performers have been Signor Neri Beraldi—a good tenor, of the second rank; and Mlle. Victoire Balfe, whose career promises to be a brilliant one. Both houses have been well supported by the public; and Mr. Lumley's season, we have reason to believe, has been a prosperous one. It is currently said that the rebuilding of Covent Garden is to be actively carried on, with a view of its being ready by the beginning of the next Opera season.

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have taken the Lyceum for three months, and are busily employed in organizing a company, of which they themselves are the nucleus. The instrumental band, forty strong, is selected from the bands of the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Orchestral Union; and there will be a chorus of corresponding strength and quality. The repertoire will be extensive, consisting of the best English operas and operas adapted to the English stage; and it will include, we understand, an original opera of much merit, by an American composer, which has had great success in the United States. The theatre is to open on the 21st of September, and the performances will continue till about Christmas.

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